

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

save the few measured tread of the military, and the rumbling of the wheels of the wagon which was conveying Brown to his death.

Following the military were about two hundred citizens. The gate was entered, and the command brought to a halt. In a few minutes it again started, and proceeded to the gallows. The wagon was stopped within a few yards from the steps which led to the platform, and Brown was assisted out and immediately started for the scaffold. On one side was the sheriff, on the other one of his deputies.

Brown ascended the steps with a cheerful look, a firm, unshaken step, and an unblanching eye. Not an exhibition of fear was given. There was no evidence of a consciousness of the terrible tragedy which was about to take place, and in which he was to be the actor. As soon as he reached the platform, the military which accompanied him filed to the right and left, and took the positions which had been previously assigned them. Brown looked at the crowd, then glanced at the scaffold. The Deputy Sheriff extended his hand and took that of Brown, and, shaking it, bade him farewell.

No ministers were present, owing to the fact that Brown had refused their offices. The Sheriff approached him, shook his hand, and bade him good-bye. Brown stepped forward, when the Deputy Sheriff tied his hands, while the Sheriff drew the white cap over his head, and placed the fatal rope about his neck. As soon as this was done, Brown remarked to the Sheriff, "You will have to guide me from this seat." "Captain Brown, have you any thing to say?" To which he replied "Nothing."

"Will you take a handkerchief, and use it as a signal, letting it fall when you are ready?" "No, sir, I am always ready. Do not keep me unnecessarily long."

The Sheriff then stepped aside while the doomed man engaged in prayer. In a few minutes he stepped softly from the scaffold, and, on leaving it, the Deputy Sheriff sprang the trap, and John Brown was suspended between the heavens and the earth.

His remains were taken to North Elba for interment, and an eye witness thus describes his MOUNTAIN HOME AND GRAVE.

On opening the front door, a glorious sight awaited me. Directly in front, apparently—perhaps from the thickness of the atmosphere—within two or three miles, but really much further off loomed up rugged chain of the Adirondacks; broken, rugged, massive, and wonderfully picturesque. Off the left stands, in solitary grandeur, the towering pyramid called "White Face,"—deriving its name from the color of the rock on its summit. The Saranac and Ausable flow at each side of it; and just at its base, they tell us, is Lake Placid, a sheet of water famed through all this country of fine lakes for its exquisite beauty. On the right is to be seen, in the distance, the peak of Mt. Crockett, and on the right of that again, and still further on, Mt. Cayuga, the loftiest pinnacle of the Adirondack range, rises his towering crest. To the country, my thought was, for the heroic soul of John Brown, and a proper place, too, to be the receptacle of his ashes.

Mr. Brown had expressed a desire that his body should be laid in the shadow of a great rock, not far from his house. This rock, after the more striking features of the scene just named, was the first object to arrest my attention. It stands about fifty feet from the house, is about eight feet in height, and from fifteen to twenty feet square. It is a very striking and picturesque object, and the recollection of it would not unreasonably suggest to the mind of Mr. Brown a place for the interment of his body.

And there, in the shadow of a great rock, was deposited the mortal remains of this simple-hearted lover of God and Humanity; and standing beside his uncovered grave, Wendell Phillips, Priest and Prophet, thus spoke of

THE MARTYR AND HIS LEGACY.

As I stood looking on his grandfather's grave, and, brought here from Connecticut, telling us of his death in the Revolution, I thought I could hear our hero saying, "My fathers gave their words to the oppressor—the slave still sinks before the pledged force of this nation. I give my sword to the slave my fathers fought for. If any sword ever deflected the smile of Heaven, surely it was those drawn at Harper's Ferry. If our God is ever the Lord of Hosts, making one man chase a thousand, surely that little band might claim him for their captain. Harper's Ferry was no single hour, standing alone—taken out from a common life—it was the flowering of fifty years of single-hearted devotion. His most have lived wholly for one great idea, when those who were their being to him, and those whose love has joined, group as harmoniously around him, each accepting solemnly his and her part. I feel honored to stand under such a roof. Hereafter, my will shall stand as a guide, 'I saw John Brown buried—I sat under his roof.' Thank God for such a master. Could we have asked a nobler representative of the Christian North putting her foot on the accursed system of Slavery? As time passes, and those hours back into history, men will see against the clear background of that gallows, and thousands of armed men guarding Virginia from her slaves. On the other side, the serene face of that calm old man, as he looks to his child of a future race. Thank God for our emblem. May He soon bring Virginia to blot out her inhuman shame, and cover that hateful gallows and solitary with thousands of broken fetters. What lives shall those lips teach us? Before that still, calm hour let us take a new baptism. How can we stand here without a fresh, and utter consecration? These tears I now shall we dare even to offer consecration? Only lips fresh from such a row have the right to mingle their words with your tears. We envy you your nearer place to these noble children of God. I do not believe Slavery will go down in blood. Ours is the age of thought. Hearts are stronger than swords. That forthright! How sublime its lesson! The Christian use of conscience—of truth, Virginia is weak because each man's heart said amen to John Brown. His words—they are stronger even than his rifle. Those crushed slaves. Those have changed the hearts of millions, and will yet crush Slavery. Now said, 'Would he had died in arms—God ordered better, and granted to him and the slave those noble prison hours—that single hour of death, granted him a higher than the soldier's place, that of teacher; the school of his life had died away to the hill—a million hearts guard his words. God bless this roof—make it bless us. We dare not say bless you, children of this home; you stand nearer to one whose God God taught, and we rather bend for your blessing. God make us all worthy of him whose deed we lay among these hills he loved. Here he guided himself, and ever dreamed God guarded

him. He sleeps in the bosom of the crushed and the poor, and then believe more firmly in virtue, now that such a man has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope.

[We this week give an Address—or the greater part of it—which was delivered on the evening of December 2nd, 1859, the day of the martyrdom of John Brown. Many of our friends desired its publication then, but circumstances beyond our control prevented it. We give it now, feeling that the fact and thoughts it presents are as important to-day, as they were then, and we shall be more than satisfied if it is thus able to do double duty in behalf of the Hero-martyr of 1859, and the cause for which he so bravely lived, and so nobly died.]

CONMEMORATION ADDRESS.

"There was a man sent from God, whose name was JESUS." This fact, which was placed upon record by the inspired historian nearly two thousand years ago, has, in this age and in this land, been most emphatically re-affirmed and re-written in the events which have transpired within the last few weeks. Those of us who have ears to hear, and hearts to believe, and intellects to comprehend cannot fail to recognize the great truth, that in our age and generation, and to the people of our own guilty land, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was JESUS." And though we may not recognize in him the fulness of that divinity which dwelt in Jesus, we behold in his works the credentials of his mission, and accept him as "One crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord."

"There was a man sent from God." We should be grateful to an All-Wise Providence who, in the ordering of events will sometimes permit a man to appear among the pilgrims of humanity, that the world may in some measure realize what the race is capable of becoming if true to the instincts of its better nature, true to the promptings of the Divinity within. And if the oft-quoted sentiment of the poet be not altogether false,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," then may the world behold in Osewaatomie Brown a specimen of God's noblest handiwork, for friend and foe alike bear testimony to the stern integrity, and the unyielding honesty of the hero of Harper's Ferry. Governor Wise and the South, President Buchanan and the North, have found what Diogenes in the days of ancient Greece was not able to discover by the aid of his lantern at noon day—AN HONEST MAN! And he was not found in the Cabinet of the President, nor in high official station either in Church or in State, but was discovered in the person of a persecuted and outlawed man, who had thrown himself against the bulwark of the government in practically responding to the query, "Who will go up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" believing that with God on his side, one was a majority.

HIS INANITY.

To many, perhaps to most of the friends of the slave, the blow struck for Freedom at Harper's Ferry, was as unexpected as it was to the frightened shivaree of the Old Dominion. It spoke as with the thunder-voice of God's voice echoing and re-echoing through the vaulted heavens, it flashed through the clouds of despotism like the lightning-glares of the Almighty's eye. There was a moral sublimity, an heroic devotion in that old man and his handful of followers, dashing themselves against the government as a testimony in behalf of God's truth. The people were as unable to comprehend the motives of the actors and the principles by which they were governed, as was of old the multitude to understand the doctrines and the mission of Paul, and many have given to the actions of Osewaatomie Brown the solution by which Fastus explained those of the Apostles.

To such as cannot approve, but are unwilling to condemn the attempt at Harper's Ferry, the plea of inanity perhaps seems the most charitable they can urge, though certainly it is not the most just. In the name of his deep-rooted conviction of the sinfulness of slavery, running back for at least a score and a half of years; in the name of his long and consistent advocacy of the cause of Freedom, sealed by the death of his sons in Kansas and the death of his sons in Virginia; in the name of that text which was written upon his hands and upon his heart—"Remember those in bonds as bound with them;" in the name of his heroic suffering in captivity; in the name of that wonderful calmness with which he looked death in the face, and welcomed to the Truth's sake a martyr's place upon the gallows; in the name of all that his heart held dear, I protest against such a cold-blooded sacrifice of his intellect. It is the people of this nation who are insane—not John Brown.

A member of the Iowa Legislature, actuated, doubtless by good motives, and desiring to put John Brown in what he regarded as a better position before the community than that in which the Virginia Courts had placed him—a traitor and a murderer—sent a communication to an Eastern paper, in which, to prove the old man's inanity, he quoted declarations that he heard him make, which to me seem strong evidences of the soundness of his reason, the correctness of his principles, and the earnestness of his purpose. To show their character, I will give one or two extracts; and you will see how much truth an earnest worker will sometimes compress into a few words.

"Providence has made me an actor, and slavery an outlaw. A price is on my head, and what is life to me? An old man should have more care to live well than to live long. Duty is the voice of God; and a man is neither worthy of a good home here or a Heaven, that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause! The love of my family, and the troubles in Kansas have shattered my constitution, and I am nothing to the world but to defend the right, and that, by God's help, I have done and will do."

There is more Christianity in that extract, a better digested and more comprehensive view of man's duty to his fellow-men, than you will find in five hundred ordinary sermons. It contains truths which the people of this land cannot comprehend, and therefore put down as the ravings of insanity. "Providence has made me an actor," said John Brown. How few of mankind believe that Providence does any such thing for them! And yet action is their mission, as much as it was that of John Brown. But they are content to exist, not to live—to vegetate, not to act. They take the world as it is, and leave it no better than they found it. Attaching themselves to the institutions of society, they seek up, like great sponges, whatever comes within their reach. God speed the day, when men everywhere shall learn that truth which the old hero so well comprehended, and such be able to say as he said, "Providence has made me an actor."

I quote again from the sermon of John Brown. "Duty is the voice of God; and a man is neither worthy of a good home here, or a Heaven, that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause."

There spoke the voice of a hero. Of such spirit

were the martyrs of older times, of such the heroes whom the world has crucified. And just in proportion as reformers are endowed with this spirit of self-sacrifice, willing to dare and to do, to suffer, and to die, if need be, just in proportion as they are lifted up above the world, can they draw the world up to them. This is not only scriptural doctrine, but the doctrine of sound philosophy, mental and moral.

Take another of John Brown's declarations, which, to the Iowa Legislature, so strongly savored of insanity.

"Any who will try to take me and my company as cowards, and one man in the right, ready to die will chase a thousand. Not less than thirty guns have been discharged at me, but they only touched my hair. A man dies when his time comes, and a man who fears, is born out of his time."

How strikingly has a portion of this declaration been verified in the events at Harper's Ferry. "One man in the right, ready to die will chase a thousand." If such declaration be a proof of insanity, how utterly and hopelessly delirious must be the reason of that man who quotes literally the entire scriptural assertion—"O ye shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The facts of the Harper's Ferry are patent to you all. You remember how the Old Dominion—so in the poverty of her pride she delights to style herself—how that Commonwealth which boasts of being the mother of Presidents and the nurse of statesmen, could not muster men enough with courage enough, to resist the tens of two thousand which the magnetic power of Brown's presence caused to crush in the dust at his feet; and that the forces of Virginia were obliged to wait until the U. S. Marines attacked and captured Brown and his handful in their army fortress. And you cannot have forgotten, how, when all real and fancied danger was past, the cowardly Virginians brutally murdered poor Thompson, and when he was dead, feloniously assassinated his body and riddled it with their musket balls. Truly were they cowards who attempted to take him and his company, for so prevalent was cowardice, and so contagious brutality, that the officer who led on the U. S. Marines—Lieutenant Green—according to his own testimony before the court which tried Brown, struck the old man twice in the face with his saber after he was down.

The extracts from which I have just quoted, manifest, on the part of John Brown, a strong belief in the protecting power of a special Providence, and would seem to indicate the truthfulness of a report that he held to the doctrine of fore-ordination, a belief in which doctrine, is not I apprehend, generally considered an evidence of insanity. The escapes of Captain Brown when in Kansas, from what seemed to be almost inevitable death, were certainly calculated to strengthen his belief in the special protection vouchsafed him by Providence. If he was insane because he believed what the facts seemed to demonstrate, then Daniel was insane, when coming forth unharmed from the lion's den, he acknowledged the special interposition of a divine power; then were the Hebrew children insane, when, stepping forth from the heated furnace with not even the smell of fire upon their garments; they praised the name of Him who had protected them in the hour of trial. The Providence which protected Captain Brown in Kansas, he recognized as the same which placed the sword in his hand with which to fight the battle of Freedom in Virginia, and who, when wounded and a prisoner remained to be his comfort and his stay. As the old man so nobly observed, "Christ once armed Peter. So also in my case, I think he put a sword into my hand, and then continued it as long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me." He was willing to act in behalf of humanity, or resigned to die for righteousness sake if the Lord so willed it. He expected to die when his time came, and not until then. And although there are those who believe the old man's death was untimely, judging him by his own standard, he certainly has not been born out of time; for he affirms that it is the man who fears that is true born.

THE INANITY OF REFORMERS.

All reformers who come as a voice crying in the wilderness which sin has made, are adjudged by the world as being more or less insane. The very message which they bear—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his path straight," is, to the popular mind, an undoubted evidence of insanity, which should render the teachings of such prophets of no account. This, perhaps, no cause for surprise, for the message contemplates a state of things utterly contrary to the usage of the world, and opposed to the well established opinions and customs of society. Either the world is insane, or God's messengers are; and the multitude, in order to assert the former conclusion, unwittingly adopt the latter. When Jesus came to the people unheralded by worldly power, having about him no pretense of family connections, a poor man and despised Nazareth, preaching a religion utterly despised of the scribes and Pharisees, and the Jewish worship, insulating a faith as dissimilar to that of the Scribes and Pharisees, the Letter and the Priests making the love of man for his fellow, and the doing of good deeds to Humanity the one great and acceptable sacrifice in the sight of God the Father; they to whom he was sent, instead of receiving his teachings, declared "He hath a devil"—he is insane. As it was with Jesus, so has it measurably been with all reformers. The generations to whom the Breviers of the world are sent, have never been able to appreciate them, and John Brown is no exception to the rule. Those who come after them can show do them justice—and they not always.

I would not knowingly unite with others to honor a vile man, or strive to shield a criminal from just condemnation. The trial and sentence of John Brown was no evidence of his guilt. On the contrary, the developments then made were but the unfolding of his many virtues; and it was not until after the old man had received the sentence of death, that we knew how much there was to respect, to revere, to love in Osewaatomie Brown.

I shall not dwell upon the troubles that he knew in Kansas, of his loss of property there, and the more fearful losses which made his home desolate; they have passed into the history of that territory, and have gone to make up the record of its shame, or its glory. The deed for which John Brown has this day died, is treason to the government, and the Murder of his fellow men. While my Quaker education and my present convictions point out, what seems to me, a more excellent way for the establishment of right than by the use of carnal weapons, they will not prevent me doing justice to the honest, earnest, self-sacrificing spirit of those, who, like John Brown, strive to work out their own convictions of right, by what they regard as agencies approved of God.

MY EDUCATION.

John Brown was not born a Quaker, nor educated

under Quaker influences. With the first breath of life he drew in the inspiration of a stern Puritan faith, and as he advanced to manhood he learned to admire and to practice both portions of the old Cromwellian charge—"Trust in God and keep your powder dry." From the testimony of those who best knew him, his knowledge of the Bible was remarkably accurate and full. He must have been a frequent reader of its pages, and the lessons of humanity, of love to his fellow men, of sympathy for the oppressed which he there learned, were reproduced in the actions of his daily life, and became necessary to his very existence. He identified himself in sympathy with the man who had fallen among thieves, and was willing to take his part both here and hereafter with the lost Samaritan, rather than with the hypocritical teachers of religion who passed by on the other side. The terrible denunciations of God against oppression as spoken by Jeremiah, and Isaiah, and other prophets of those days, must, methinks, have awakened in the bosom of the old man a responsive thrill, moving his soul as the shrill voice of the trumpet sounding a charge to battle. The Bible and the Declaration of Independence were his guide. In the former, he found enjoined his duty to his fellow-men; and in the latter, he read the enumeration of their natural and political rights.

NOTIONS OF BETT.

He looked over the vast extent of this nation's territory, and beheld, pining upon its soil, chained, crushed, chattelized, millions of human souls; and in the features and form of each, he recognized the image of Jehovah, married and defaced though it was. The language of Jesus spread like a mantle over his spirit—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" and the path of duty was clear to his mind. He believed himself appointed of God to labor for the captive's deliverance, and so in every other soul appointed by God to this work, but they believe it not, or believing it, sin—many of them—against the light. His efforts for the redemption were constant in reason, and out of season, and attended with various successes until they culminated in the grand liberty which he struck at Harper's Ferry for God and Liberty.

A TREASONABLE ACT.

Was that not justifiable? Was it commendable? These are the questions, by the answers to which, posterity will measure the infamy or the honor to which John Brown. I do not mean to inquire whether it was abstractly justifiable as regarded the light of peaceful Quakerism, or tested by the yet more peaceful doctrines of the Non-Resistant. But admitting—as this nation does—the absolute right of employing warlike means, then I inquire, Was John Brown justifiable in the deed he did at Harper's Ferry?

I freely grant that it was treason, as treason is legally defined—treason to the Federal Government, and to the government of Virginia. And I further grant, that in the prosecution of his design blood was spilled, and life was taken by him and his company in self-defense. And for all this, the Declaration of American Independence is John Brown's warrant. While that stands as the acknowledged charter of political liberty in this land, its every line declares an acquittal of John Brown, and a reversal of the decision of the Virginia Courts. Christian, in his Pilgrimage to the Celestial City, did not aim more closely to confine his steps to the path traced upon the chart he received for his guidance, than did John Brown conform to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. He had studied the document well, and comprehended all therein contained. He had learned from it—or at least its teachings had confirmed his intuitive knowledge—that no government was just that oppressed man. That no matter what name it assumed, or what pretensions it made, if it failed to secure to the inhabitants upon its soil their "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," it was unworthy to be sustained; and if it denied these, it was a despotism, and ought to be overthrown.

WAITING.

He there further learned that Providence forbade hasty action. So the young man, for he was a young man—who had consecrated himself to the cause of freedom, waited—until an entire generation of slaves had passed from existence by their fetters unbroken and their wrongs unredressed, and their places had been supplied by a far more numerous multitude; waited—until slavery had lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes, and spread its presence and its power over a vast empire; waited—until the safeguards of northern rights were broken down, and despotism came in like a flood upon the people, waited—until the political parties of the land had become utterly corrupt by their alliance with slavery; waited—until, instead of Southern pulpits denouncing slavery, Northern pulpits were apologizing for, and defending it; waited—until slavery had bred his dwelling in Kansas, and murdered his children there. And then, the young man, who had now become an old man, went to Virginia and struck the blow which marked him as a traitor.

JUSTIFIED BY THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. But what says the Declaration of Independence in regard to such action?

"When a long train of abuses and usurpations pursuing invariably the same object injure a design to reduce man under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

Just what John Brown did, or attempted to do. On every 4th of July for the thirty years he had been waiting and hoping for a change for the better, the nation reiterated the truth by the lips of its most gifted orators, and amid the peals of musketry and the roar of cannon the multitude shouted their approving hosannas. And the government of Virginia sentenced John Brown to hang for attempting what the nation told him he might do only at a right to do,—implying that he might do it, or leave it undone, as his judgment dictated—but that it further affirmed it was his duty to do, thus denying him the choice to do, or not to do it.

The Declaration of Independence, in its affirmation of the right and duty of man to overthrow despotism, pre-supposes their right to use such physical force as is necessary to the work. And John Brown, in his efforts at Harper's Ferry, manifested a forbearance and humanity rarely met with in the soldier's camp. And if I have not misinterpreted his declarations, the failure of his plans, or at least, the capture of himself and his companions, he attributed to an excess of sympathy with his prisoners, the consideration of whose comfort he permitted to sway him in despite of his better judgment. And where, since the 16th of October, are found the men who affirm that slavery is wrong, who claim to believe in the doctrine of the Declaration, and are continually glorifying the

father for their resistance to oppression by blood? They exult in the treason of John Hancock to a government far less oppressive to the American colonists, than is the Federal government to-day to the "free, white, male citizen" of the North; but they do not dare justify the treason of John Brown. They honor Washington, who fought for his own liberty, and after he had gained it, lived and died a slaveholder; but they dare not praise the noble deed by the Martyr of Harper's Ferry, who strove to free the land of Washington from the slavery entailed upon it. They point with admiration to the young hero of France, who, in the early days of our republic foretook his native land, and united his fortunes with a nation weak in its numerical power, but containing great men in its bosom; but of him who made far greater sacrifices for a people poor, despised, degraded and demoralized, they say, "We know him not, he is some of ours." Verily, verily I say unto you, "Have ye not read this scripture; the stone which the builders rejected, is become the head of the corner."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Falling in for a little while with the current of public sentiment, I here repeat the query which has been so often put,—Who is responsible?—By what agency was the sentiment created which set itself out through John Brown and his little band at Harper's Ferry?

As well might we seek to determine by what agent the flower was prompted to unfold its beauty, the grain to yield its golden offering, or the tree to tower in majestic pride. The sun, the air, the rain, the dew, the soil, the seed, and acting alone all and through all the harmonious law of an All-Wise Being—these are the agencies by which such results are produced. And it has been a combination of causes that have given to history and to humanity John Brown and Harper's Ferry. The hatred of slavery which the American Anti-Slavery Society has for years been trying to create and deepen, was one of the moving causes. The denunciations of the system by Virginia statesmen of other times, and their eloquent panegyrics upon liberty, both of which were summed up and handed down to John Brown in the memorable battle cry of Patrick Henry,—"Give me liberty, or give me death!"—was another of the moving causes. And yet another, was the charter of this nation's political liberties, glowing, not with the glittering generalities of Rufus Choate, but with the promise often laid there by the hand of Thomas Jefferson. The commandments of God as spoken by Moses, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and others of his messengers; and the doctrines of Christianity as taught by the lips, and by the life, and in the death of its founder, may be named as another moving cause. And when to these are added the great human heart of John Brown pulsating with womanly kindness and Christian sympathy, we have, perhaps, a sufficient knowledge of the facts to enable us to place the responsibility where it belongs.

A TIMORARY ACT.

But it is affirmed, even by some who claim to be drawn very near in sympathy to Brown, that his attempt was a wild and visionary act, and could not other than utterly fail. Those who were not in the confidence of Osewaatomie Brown, who were not acquainted with his plans, and knew not of his expectations—based, perchance, on promise unfulfilled—are hardly competent to judge of the character of his undertaking by the fragmentary portions which they strive to fit together. I, for one, will not presume to pass judgment upon an act, which, though denounced as unwise in its conception, because of its failure, would have been deemed the perfection of wisdom had success followed in its train.

ARNOLD OF WINKLEREND.

Among the noblest warriors of Underwalden and high-towering above them all, stood Arnold of Winklerend. His country's foes came gathering around in armed rank, iron-clad and bristling with the heads of spears. Time after time did Arnold and his fellow-warriors charge upon them, but the iron-clad ranks of the invading host without their shock. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the strife. Step by step did the sons of Underwalden battle for their homes, and step by step were they compelled to retreat, as the enemy with unbroken ranks moved steadily on. Arnold suddenly threw down his shield, and laid his spear upon the ground. Bowing his breast, he sprang toward the enemy's ranks, and grasping with his outstretched hands as many spears as he could reach, and crying, "Make way for Liberty," buried them in his bosom. Where Arnold fell the foe's ranks were broken, and over his dead body his comrades passed to victory. All who have read the story know Arnold for his patriotism, and in the result behold the wisdom of his sacrifice. But had his comrades stood back until the act which he had made by the sacrifice of his own life had closed, history would have recorded the subjugation of Underwalden at that time, and perhaps incidentally mentioned how a foolish man had needlessly sacrificed his life on that occasion.—The lesson is before you.

A SCENE.

But Osewaatomie Brown did not fall. "And for success, he asked no more than this, To bear unflinching witness to the truth. All true, whose name succeed; for what is worth Success? none, unless it be the thought, The inward energy to have carried out A noble purpose in a noble act. Although it be the gallows, or the block?" True, he was unable to maintain his position at Harper's Ferry; he did not succeed in establishing the Provisional government he contemplated; nor did he even secure the escape of many of the slaves whose emancipation he desired. But he did not fail. Ask Gov. Wise, who so beautifully claims that Virginia has achieved a triumph, and if he speaks his honest sentiments, he will tell you that two or three more such triumphs would be the destruction of slavery. The blow at Harper's Ferry was eminently a success. Like the spear of Ishrael, whose touch descended falsehood, the spear of John Brown is separating between the true and the untrue. He has reached that portion of the soul which God has kept sacred to himself, and wherever there is a pulsation of humanity is responsive to his deeds. Although the surface of society is tossed by waves of political agitation, and whitened by the billows of sectarian controversy, the electric message of John Brown has gone far deeper than the rancor of such influences; and from the depths of suppressed humanity comes "a still, small voice" more potent than the utterance of the whirlwind or the fire, saying,—"WELL DONE, OLD HAN!"

It is not in the power of man to destroy the telegraphic line which the Great Operator has laid from his own heart to the heart of every one of his earthly children. Man is proud of his intellect, and with it he frames constitutions, builds parties, and organizes sects. By it he seeks to determine

the relation of things to each other, to trace cause up to effect, and reason back from effect to cause. But intellect—especially in regard to morals—often woefully mistaken; and when the heart altogether right, the head is sometimes altogether wrong, and places the man's influence where it should not be, and where he does not desire have it. But when some great event, like the which we have assembled this evening to commemorate, speaking not the voice of any party, but the voice of any soul, but humanity speaks through John Brown as with the voice of Divine truth, it leads not the barriers which intellect has put up, but leaps on its lightning errand from heart to heart. It is the power of God made manifest in the soul of man; and they who receive its message, whether they be Democrats, Republicans, or Disunionists; whether they are members of a most antislavery church, or the most pro-slavery organization; whether their religious faith is the most approved fashion of orthodoxy, or according to the most unpopular pattern of a called infidelity; these distinctions, which intellect has made, are for the time, forgotten, and a heart of such beat in harmony with the heart of God. Although many, very many, may because of their position in Church or State refrain from speaking all of the sympathy and admiration they feel for Osewaatomie Brown, yet living in the potency of God's truth, I cannot doubt that there is a wide-spread and deeply felt sympathy for John Brown, and Gov. Wise and the South are well advised that such is the case.

PASSING AWAY.

John Brown has gone hence. His life was full of works for oppressed humanity, and his children have been baptized into oneness of spirit with their father. The mantle which he dropped will be succeeded in God's fiery chariot of martyrdom, they have recently taken up, and will work hard. And let us remember that many of us will also soon pass away, and we shall find that we have to do—for the labor which crushed him is manly as demanding at our hands. And who are those who come after us?—those who are living within the influence of our daily life, and whose forming character is being in part moulded by our parental hands? When we have passed from the stage of existence, feeling that we have fought the good fight and kept the faith, what will be the daily, practical commendations of our children upon the life which their parents lived? Will they, walking in the path which we have trod, and crying forward the work which our hands left unfinished, thus, by their deeds, rise up and call us blessed? Or will their daily life be a daily condemnation of our course? While professing our their lips to venerate our memories, will their actions say to the world, "Our father and our mother were fools and fanatics—we follow not after them, or walk in the path which they trod?"

A LESSON TO BE LEARNED.

From the lesson written at Harper's Ferry we may learn at least three things which should especially interest the citizens of this Republic. First, the weakness of the South when left to her own resources. Second, the obligation of the members of the Federal Government to fight on the side of the oppressed and against the oppressor. Third, the inability of the North to protect her own citizens.

If we receive the testimony of slaveholders as regard to the first point, we should think the South was the Union, and the Union was the world. The extent of Southern territory, and the number of southern slaves, is by no means an indication of the strength of the South. For whatever her politicians and her priests may say of the beautiful system of patriarchal lordship, and the affectionate relation existing between the master and his servant, "the powers that be" know that they are surrounded by a dangerous population, who they must check, curb, and chain, and under by local police, and patrol, and stringent laws. When they wish to exhibit their institution in its admitted gaze of outside barbarians, they blow the bubble until it becomes tinged with the purple mists of the rainbow; but let the aspect of some John Brown but touch its surface, and it breaks, and the naked fact stands out before us, that the South keeps constant watch and ward over her slaves, and dare not trust them unguarded for a single hour. It is as much as she can possibly do to watch her slaves when in a state of quiescence, but it is more than she can accomplish to crush at an extraordinary movement. And because of this weakness, John Brown and his score of followers out-matched the Old Dominion and her volunteers—his Provisional government was far more mighty than the Commonwealth of Virginia. In the settlement of the question at issue had been left to John Brown and his followers on the one side, and Gov. Wise and his militia on the other, I do not risk much in affirming that the Provisional government would have been established ere the from the Atlantic, beyond the Blue mountains from the southern border of Pennsylvania, to the northern boundaries of the Carolinas; and the motto of the State—"So always to Tyranny"—would have been illustrated only by her official seal would have had a far deeper significance pending the establishment of John Brown's Provisional Government.

But Virginia had provided for the hour of danger. She had obtained from the members of the Federal Government in the North as well as in the South, a pledge that they would use their power to protect her and her institutions in such an emergency. And the members of the Government redeemed their pledge; they sent their Marines, shot down the men whom the Virginia militia feared to lay so much as the weight of its little finger. In the name of the Constitution and the laws of the Union, on behalf and by direction of the members of the Federal Government, the Marines flung John Brown and his companions by the throat; some they butchered on the spot, and others they flung wounded, bleeding, and bound to a Virginia Court of Justice for the mockery of a trial, and the ignominy of an execution.

And who is responsible for that deed, if not the supporters of the Federal Government? Consider as you will, hide it away as far as possible from your remembrance, and strive to forget it very existence. It is of an evil. The bond of union, the conditions of the contract are ruptured, and when slavery needs the redemption of the obligation, she will claim its fulfillment, and in binding form of the demand will be fully realized, if the past is indicative of what the future will be. There lies the responsibility; let those who stagger under it, bear it as they may.

A celebrated philanthropist of Boston, who came appeared in the confusion of Cook as he lay implanted in the Harper's Ferry affair, felt that it was unsafe for him to remain in Massachusetts

Miscellaneous.

EACH MOTHER'S CHILD THE BEST.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sing,
As the green world there's nothing so sweet
As my little lambs, with his nimble feet,
With his eyes so bright,
And his wool so white;
Oh, he's my darling, my heart's delight,
The robin be
That sings on the tree,
Dearly may I love my darlings four;
But I love my one little lambkin more.
So the mother-sheep, and the little one,
Said by side, lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lambs lie on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old grey cat and her kittens three?
I heard her whispering soft. Said she
"My kittens, with tails all cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babes exceedingly;
But I love my kittens from morn to night;
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three, for the life of me,
I love them all so well.

I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
store."
So the kittens lie under the stove so warm,
While my little kitten lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
And she clucked, and she scratched, and she
bristled away.

And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine;
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you
please.

But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lambs;
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For I love my chickens I won't part with them,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their
knees.

My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens roared.

As fast as they could to their warm feather bed,
And there they lie on their backs so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

From the *Cleveland Well-Doer*.
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A
WAY.

BY MISS F. D. GAGE.

There is a great deal said in these latter days
about "affluence" in the marriage relation; and
about congeniality and all that sort of thing. But
does not nature always work by contrasts? Is
there an excess in one place, is there not sure
to be a want in another? Extremes meet, and so
they did when Bob Gray, the *coldest* man in town,
paid his addresses to Kitty Logan, the young
school-ma'am, who had agreed to take the village
school in the township of Niles, where the big
boys always turned the masters out of doors on
Christmas, or made them treat. Bob Gray had a
rich father, a hard working mother, and one proud
sister, and could afford to be lazy. Mr. Gray the
elder, came into the world very early times, located
near the town of Niles, lived in a log cabin ten
years, shook himself out of joint with the axe, "wore it
out," and never had it afterward. But a poor
neighbor who had a large farm a mile from Mr.
Gray could not wear it out; his wife died, his chil-
dren suffered, he offered his farm very cheap, and
Gray bought him out promising to pay some time.

A year or so afterward, discouraged with his
crop and the inability to pay for the new farm,
he tried to persuade the former owner to take it
back, which he refused to do—his lawyer refused
to keep the farm and pay the note. Terrible was
the blow, but he lived through it; and five years
afterwards, when the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-
road passed through the same farm and set up a
station house exactly in the center, he found him-
self a rich man. He sold down lots at high figures,
sent his son Tommy to Jacksonville, to be edu-
cated, and daughter Susan to Marietta. He dressed
himself in broad cloth—wore kid gloves—ac-
cepted the nomination for the legislature and was
expected to find himself elected and making laws
for his countrymen at the capital of the Prairie
State. No more in explanation. Bob came home
from Jacksonville with his sheep-skin property
trunk with blue ribbons, dressed superbly, had the
best "turn out" in town, wore a tremendous pair of
whiskers, and of course Kitty Logan felt flattered
when he offered to wait upon her home from
church—or called after school to take her out rid-
ing. Miss Susan Gray took a little pain to find
out that Kitty was distantly related to the Sumners
and Lincolns of Mass., but some how she did not
learn the important fact that Kitty had worked at
straw-braiding in the pretty town of Fuburner, un-
til she had earned money enough to educate her-
self.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty,
and I know I can "paddle my own canoe" out West
where they say nothing is wanting but the power to
do and will to put the power in motion.

So bidding her few friends good-bye, for she
was an orphan, she donned the prettiest little
straw hat which her own pretty fingers had plaited,
sewed and pressed, and trimmed with some
dark ribbon with a blue edge, which corresponded
exactly with her dress (traveling dress and cape),
and matched her blue eyes to a T. Thus she started
for Illinois where a friend of her father's had
written to her—She thought a school could be pro-
vided. She was a little home-sick when she ar-
rived at Niles and would have given one of the
good pieces hid away in that private pocket of
her's, for a look once more at the rough rocks and
swampy hollows overshadowed by thin cypresses,
that surrounded her native home. She would even
have been lashed with joy at the sound of the old fa-
mily bell that used to call the merry girls together
for their long evening's talk. Still she did not say
a word, but put on a cheerful face—thought out the dis-
tance and made her application. Mr. Smith, the
main man, looked as if the little blue-eyed miss,
with her rosy lips and her dignity to some
"boring" herself to teach a school, in that neighbor-
hood. But she offered to teach for three dollars a
month cheaper than the last incumbent and wrote
such a pretty hand, which they could read like

print, and besides had such a "winning way," they
agreed to hire her. To the astonishment of every-
body—Christmas and New Year too went by, and
the mistress, instead of being shut out or having
to treat, was surprised to find herself treated, her
desk loaded with presents, and even Jim Stokes,
who had always been called the worst boy in town,
had headed a surprise party in the evening and al-
most filled Miss Logan's little room, at Parson
Brown's, with pledges of good will.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty.
I knew, Mr. Smith, I should not have any trouble
with the big boys, they are just as good as need
be."

"Of course they be," answered the blunt old far-
mer, who by the resolution of railroads, had been
brought almost into town. "I can almost wish I
was a big boy myself, just to show you how good
I could be."

Mr. Smith laughed and Kitty tripped along to
her task, carrying her little basket of dinner and
the good will of everybody that knew her, along
with her.

Kitty's school house was in the country where
the elder Mr. Gray still lived, having built him-
self a fine house with "modern improvements," al-
though he did not know exactly what to do with
it, nor his wife either. They still tried to get
along as comfortable as possible, while Miss Susan
enjoyed it exceedingly and kept the great double
parlor full of company, which her warm and war-
ry mother knew well how to cook for—if she did
not know how to entertain—good cooking is a
great thing in a family. Well, Tommy—or as we
must now call him—Mr. Thomas Gray, Counselor
and attorney at Law, fell deeply in love with Miss
Kitty, and it is supposed she fell in love with him,
and they were married—now we have really begun
our tale, which we are not writing merely to tell
a love story, as you see, but to illustrate a prin-
ciple as well as relate a fact.

Mr. Thomas Gray opened his office in Niles,
and supposed of course all the world would call
upon him for counsel, and was for setting up in
good style—but shrewd little Kitty insisted that a
plain way was best. She did not desire any such
display as had been made by some of her neigh-
bors, who had grown suddenly rich. One day as
they were riding gaily by a miserable hotel, in the
suburbs, with broken windows and doors off the
hinges, a mud hole near, and the pigs looking in
through the doors at a heated man—as if they
sympathized with and had a fellow feeling for him
in his degradation. Mr. Thomas Gray said to his
wife—"how would you like to live in such a
place as that my dear?" "Not at all, of course,"
was the reply. "There is no knowing what may
happen," said he, "my friend there, Mary Bell, was
three years ago to all appearance as well off as
you are to-day; but her husband speculated high,
lost, took to drink and there she is!"

"I can't help that," answered Kitty, "no drunkard
can put me into such a place as that."
"Don't be too sure, deary," said Thomas Gray.
"Sure," answered Kitty with spirit, "I am just
as sure as this, there is not a man living whose
fortune I would follow down so low as that."

"What would you do, pray, let us know the se-
cret?"
"One thing I would not do," answered the young
matron promptly, "I would not be a drunkard's
wife."

"How would you help yourself?"
"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty,
"but don't let us talk about that, surely I shall
never have a drunken husband, and with a deep
shadow over her brow, that came like a presenti-
ment of evil, the ride was continued in silence.

Two years went by and Mr. Thomas Gray grew
more and more easy. Bad bargains were made,
speculations entered into, convivial companions
drew him from Niles to the Capital. His well
filled purse made him everywhere welcome. Kit-
ty, good little soul, seeing things going a little out
of the way, would persist in giving moral lessons,
and teaching the young girls of Niles to paint,
and then fitted up a class of earnest boys in Latin
—for college—all in her own pretty cottage, add-
ing dollar to dollar, like a wise little wife. Thus
in the long evenings, when her husband was
with his club or down street, easy fellow that he was,
her fingers grasped a good steel pen and many a
pleasant tale went forth to the world, well paid
for, through eastern journals.

To make a long story short, the crash of '57
found Mr. Thomas Gray and his father, the elder,
exactly under it and down they went, so low that
old Billy Pitch the drayman declared he could not
find enough left of them to pay him for hauling
the goods to the auction room. Two lots, big
houses and all went, together, and Mr. Gray
the elder was found one morning in October of '57,
expended from a beam in his own barn—as if the
end of his wife's patent clothes line, and on that
eventful morning Thomas Gray, Jr., lay stretched
like a white length upon the counter of a lager beer
saloon, if not drunk, so stupefied he didn't get home
till morning."

The terrible suicide happened on the very mor-
ning when both families were leaving the great
house, to move into the very hotel which, two
years before, Kitty had declared she could never
be brought to live in. Three days before her hus-
band said to her, with a thick tongue, "you've got
to come to it, Kitty, after all, you see ain't it always
so easy to keep out of trouble?"

Kitty made no reply but with resolute will went
on her way. When the funeral was over, she left
the weary heartbroken mother and wife, and the
proud paralytic daughter to their new abode,
and the new sobered husband followed.

But what a sight met their gaze! the hotel was
a neat cottage, every window-pane in its place, the
floor neat and clean, the pallage white washed,
the mud hole gone, and the pleasant comfort of a
humble home on every hand. Into it they walked
mute with astonishment to find the favorite fur-
niture, even to Susan's piano.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty
gravelly—"I had anticipated trouble, and with the
money I have been laying up for a few years I
have been able by the kind assistance of my hus-
band's partner, to secure this in my own name,
and make it a comfortable home for your mother
and sister; now it remains with you to say whether
I shall be the wife of a man, the wife of a drunk-
ard I will never be any longer than the law will
compel me."

I shall hold the deeds of this property in my
hands. If you will, we can be happy here. My
school is open for me, even from the hotel, our
child must not live to see or know her father's
shame. Foresee your drinking company and I will
be faithful to the end. If you go on as heretofore,
I will take myself and infant beyond your reach."

She conquered just as she did with the big
boys. Thomas Gray has not been inside of a la-
ger beer saloon since that memorable day. Miss
Susan is a wiser and a better woman than before
the fall. The aged mother is only successful that
the dead cannot return and see how happy cheer-

fulness and industry can make a family.

Kitty still works away—her blue eyes and golden
hair, like the blue sky and spring sunshine,
shedding light and joy all around her. She some-
times says quietly to Susan, that she shall teach
young Thomas, the third, that important lesson
which has been her own talisman through life.
"That where there's a will there's a way."

(From the *Ladies' Friend*.)

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

BY LUCY LARSON.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us,
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us,
Than we deaf will own;
Nearer, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light,
Some soft hands are outstretched
From our mortal clasp,
Sustaining us to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some alas! are prone;
Sorrow wings, in falling,
All earth-stained have grown.
Help them! I though polluted
And despoiled they lie;
Weaker is your footing
When they cease to fly.

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CURE FOR CANCER.

"It ought to be universally known,"—Our at-
tention has been recently called to a cure for can-
cers, which is of so much importance that we wish
to make it known, as widely as possible. Some
eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason, who keeps a
music store on Wisconsin street, and is a brother
of the well-known Lowell Mason, ascertained that
he had a cancer on his face of the size of a pea.
It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound par-
tially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and
while he was in Cincinnati on business, it attained
the size of a hickory nut. He has remained there
since Christmas under treatment, and has come
back perfectly cured. The process is this:—

A piece of sticking plaster was put over the
cancer, with a circular piece cut out the centre a
little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer,
and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to
it, was exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride
of zinc, bloodroot, and wheat flour, was spread on
a piece of muslin of the size of this circular open-
ing, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four
hours. On removing it the cancer will be found
to be burnt out, and appear of the color and hard-
ness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim out-
side of it will appear white and parboiled, as if
scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed,
and the outside rim soon separates, and the cancer
comes out a hard lump, when the place heals up
like dead flesh, and never grows again. This remedy
was discovered by Dr. Fall, of London, and
has been used by him for six or eight years, with
unfailing success, and not a case has been known
of the reappearance of the cancer, where this remedy
has been applied. It has the sanction of the
most eminent physicians and surgeons of London,
but has not, till very recently, been used to any
extent in this country, and many of the family,
with their proverbial opposition to innovations,
look upon it with distrust. We saw Mr. Mason
yesterday, and have since conversed with him, and
took particular notice of the contracted wound;
and we can only say, that if the cure is permanent
—and from the evidence of six or eight years' ex-
perience in other cases, we have no doubt it is—
the remedy ought to be universally known. We
referred to this case, because Mr. Mason is well-
known both here and at the East. The experi-
ment excited much interest in Cincinnati, and we
call the attention of the faculty in this State to the
remedy. If it is what is claimed for it, this terri-
ble disease will be shorn of most of its terrors.
The application is painful, but the pain is of com-
paratively brief duration, which any one so affec-
tively would cheerfully endure.—*Milwaukee Free Democ.*

A REGULAR CHINESE FEAST.

At Ching, a wealthy Chinese merchant of San
Francisco, recently gave a dinner to some of the
prominent citizens, consisting of fourteen courses.
Of the bird nests course, etc., the *San Francisco*
Herald says:—

The eleventh course consisted of the famed bird's
nest, worth their weight in gold in China. These
nests are built by a species of swallow found in
the India sea, particularly in the island of Sumatra.
The nest is the shape of a common swallow's
nest, about the size of a goose's egg, and has the
appearance of fibrous, imperfectly connected in-
gredients. The substance of which it is composed is
not known, but it is supposed to be the spawn of
fisher, gathered by the bird, or a secretion elabo-
rated from the body of the swallow. The nests are
those gathered before the young swallows are
hatched, at which time they are pure and white.
These nests are found in caverns and almost inac-
cessible places, rendering it impossible for any
one to collect them who has not been regularly
brought up to the business. After the bird's nest
dish, a shark's fin, a great delicacy with the Chi-
nese, was placed on the table. It had a rank,
musty flavor by no means palatable to outside bar-
barians. Another course of some Chinese prepa-
ration, and the last one, consisting of stewed duck
wound up the meats, making fourteen courses in
all.

Then came the dessert, consisting of Chinese
cakes, jellies and pates of different kinds all of
which were served up at one time. The bread
consisted of two kinds, one in small loaves, about
as large and looking just like a moderate
sized, freshly peeled mushroom. They are ex-
quisitely white and light. The other sort of bread
was in loaves of the same shape, only about four
times larger. On being broken open a thin plastic
covering made of flour, peeled off and revealed the
light and snowy bread, baked in layers which de-
scended from each other like separate pan-cakes.
Both of these sorts of bread were slightly sweet-
ened.

Genius and Sense.—Genius is a rare and pre-
cious gem, of which few know the worth. It is
not for the cabinet of the connoisseur, then for
the commerce of mankind. Good sense is a bank
bill, convenient for exchange, negotiable at all
times, and current in all places. It knows the real
value of small things, and considers that an ag-
gregate of them makes up the sum of human affairs.
Good sense has not so piercing an eye, but it has
as clear a sight; it does not penetrate so deeply,
but as far as it does see, it discerns distinctly.

Good sense is a judicious mechanic, who can pro-
duce beauty and convenience out of so-called mean-
ness; but genius (I speak with reverence of the
immeasurable distance) bears some remote resem-
blance to the Divine Architect, who produced per-
fection of beauty without any visible material;
"who spoke and it was created," who said, "Let
it be, and it was."

A QUEEN TRANSLATION.—While Eliot was en-
gaged in translating the Bible into the Indian
language, he came to this passage:—"The mother of
Simeon looked out at the window and cried through
the lattice," etc. Not knowing an Indian word to
signify lattice, he applied to several of the natives,
and endeavored to describe to them what a lat-
tice resembled. He described it as a framework,
setting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him
as illustrative; when they gave him a long, har-
sh, and unpronounceable word, as are many
of the words in their language.

Some years after, when he had learned their
dialect more correctly, he is said to have laughed
outright, upon finding that the Indians had given
him the true term for lattice—"The mother of
Simeon looked out at the window, and cried through
the *old pot*!"—*Boston Transcript*.

Hon. Roger A. Pryor having said that he would
be the Bruce if Lincoln were elected, Prentiss re-
marks that if it comes to sticking, they have a
Gambier in Kentucky who will be after Bruce.

At the Horticultural Show in Boston, Mass.,
one contributor showed fifty-eight varieties of the
potato.

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